ABILENE REFLECTOR

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

STROTHER BROS.

"THE DANISH BOY'S WHISTLE."

"Oh, whistle an' I'll come to you."

[Nearly every engineer on the New York and New England Railroad has a sweetheart or wife in New Britain Conn. Every train would whistle a salute to some fair dame, and the din grew so fearfully ear-splitting that the authorities have had it stopped.—*Daily Paper.*]

It's noon when "Thirty-five" is due,
An' she comes on time, like a flash of light,
An' you hear her whistle, "Toe-tee-too!"
Long 'fore the pilot swings in sight.

Bill Maddon's drivin' her in to-day
An' he's callin' his sweetheart far away—
Gertrude Hurd—lives down by the mill—
You might see her blushin'; she knows it's Bill.
"Tu-die! Toot-ee! Tu-die! Tu!"

Six-five a. m. there's a local comes—
Makes up at Bristol, runnin' east;
An' the way her whistle sings an' hums
Is a livin' caution to man an' beast.

Every one knows who Jack White calls—
Little Lou Woodbury, down by the Falls;
Summer or winter, always the same,
She hears her lover callin' her name—
"Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Lou-iee!"

At six-fifty-eight you can hear "Twenty-one"
Go thunderin' west, and of all the screams
That ever startled the rising sun,
Jean Davis sends into your dreams;

But I don't mind it; it makes me grin—
For just down here where the creek lets in,
His wife, Jerusha, can hear him call,
Loud as a throat of brass can baw!—
"Jee-rooo shee! Je-hoo!"

But at ou'-fifty one, old "Sixty-four"—
Boston Express runs east, clear through—
Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar
With the softest whistle that ever blew;

An' away on the furtherest edge of the town,
Sweet Sue Winthrop's eyes of brown
Shine like the starlight, bright an' clear,
When she hears the whistle of Abel Gear,
"You-ou-ou, Su-u-u-ue!"

An' 'long at midnight a freight comes in,
Leaves Berlin sometime—I don't know when—
But it rumbles along with a fearful din,
Till it reaches the Y-Switch there, and then

The clearest notes of the softest bell
That out of a brazen goblet fell,
Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams—
To her like a wedding bell it seems—
"Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!"

An' somewhere late in the afternoon,
You'll see "Thirty seven" go streakin' west;
It's local, from Hartford; same old tune
New suit for the girl that loves him best.

Tom Wilson rides on the right hand side,
Givin' her steam at every stride;
An' he touches the whistle, low an' clear,
For Lulu Gray, on the hill, to hear—
"Lu-lu! Loo-loo!"

So it goes on all day an' all night,
Till the old folk have voted the thing a bore;
Old maids and bachelors say it ain't right
For folks to do courtin' with such a roar.

But the engineers their kisses will blow
From a whistle-valve, to the girls they know,
An' the stokers the name of their sweethearts tell
With the Belle! Nell! Dell! of the swaying bell.

R. J. Burdette, in Life.

POSTAGE NOT STATED.

I.

I was tall, overgrown, awkward and sixteen, with a pervading consciousness that my hands and feet were very large, and the added misery, in the case of the former members, that they were always red, and I never knew what to do with them when in company. I was making a visiting at grandmother's delightful, old-fashioned country home, when one morning the dear old lady called me to her.

"Here is something for you, Jim," she said, "an invitation to a children's party at Mrs. Edwards'."

"Children's party," repeated, probably, with a shade of scorn in my voice, as indicating that I was no longer to be placed in that juvenile category.

"Not children exactly," corrected grandma, with a smile at my masculine dignity. "Young people, I should have said. Mrs. Edwards' daughter Florence is fourteen, and Tom Byrne and all the boys—young men, I should say," with a twinkle of amusement—"will be there."

I had sundry misgivings that I should not enjoy the party at all, being as yet very much afraid of girls, though beginning to admire them as mysterious and fascinating beings. However, I accepted the invitation, as I found that all the boys I knew were going, and the party was to be quite a "swell" affair for the village.

When the evening came it found me with the rest, seated in a large parlor, very unhappy because of my arms and hands, which would by no means arrange themselves in any graceful or becoming manner, and extremely bashful, but full of admiration for a lovely black-eyed girl about a year younger than myself, whom I knew to be Tom Byrne's sister.

She sat some distance from me, but she had given me a sweet smile when I first came in, and now from time to time cast glances at me which increased at once my bliss and my confusion.

Various games were suggested and played, but they were of a quiet character, such as "Twenty Questions," "Proverbs," etc., so that I had no opportunity of approaching any nearer to Mabel, who showed herself very brilliant in her questions and answers during the progress of these intellectual amusements.

Then somebody suggested that we should play post-office.

"Post-office! what is that? how do you play it?" I whispered to Tom Byrne, my next neighbor.

"Don't you know how to play post-office?" he asked, with a scorn of my ignorance. "Oh, well I suppose you city fellows don't know anything."

"I never heard of this," I assented, meekly.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is; a girl asks for a letter for some boy, and then you have to ask her how much postage, and if she says one cent, you must kiss her once."

"Oh!" said I.

"Yes," replied Tom, "and you kiss her twice for two cents, and three times for three cents. It's quite fun if it is a pretty girl," he added, judiciously.

"I suppose so," I replied, vaguely.

"But I forgot to tell you," he added, "if she says 'postage not stated,' then you kiss her as often as you like. Hush! they are going to begin."

To be sure, one of the oldest boys was appointed postmaster, and one girl after another went out into the entry, each presently knocking at the door, asking for a letter, whereon the boy called for sheepishly followed her into the hall, and to judge from the sounds of screaming and scuffling which generally followed, paid his postage under considerable difficulty.

I watched the game in a state of bewildered alarm. What if a girl should call on me! But no one did, and I was half disappointed, half relieved, that I was exempt, when at last it was Mabel Byrne's turn to go out.

She left the room with a lovely blush on her beautiful face. The door was solemnly closed upon her, and then after a brief pause there was a faint knock. The Postmaster opened the door a few inches.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"There is a letter here," she replied.

"For whom?"

"For Mr. James Hill."

"How much to pay?"

"Postage not stated," was the faint reply.

They all laughed loudly and looked at me, for that was my name. The blood rushed in crimson floods to my face. I got on to my feet somehow, and with my heart torn between a wild desire to go into that hall and a wish to sink utterly away from human kind, I stumbled out of the room.

The door was closed behind me and I found myself almost in darkness, as the hall was but dimly lighted. I paused a moment and then I heard the faint sound of quick breathing: another heart was beating as violently as my own. For once in my life I knew what to do with my arms. I caught hold of her. I scarcely know how. The darkness gave me courage and I held her in a close clasp, and pressed my lips to her cheek in three or four rapid, half-frightened kisses, before she could free herself from my embrace.

"There, there! Mr. Hill," she said, with a faint, merry laugh, "don't be so bashful again. I'm sure you are bold enough now!"

"Have I paid my postage?" I stammered.

"Indeed, yes; enough and to spare. Come, let us go back to the parlor."

She led me in, a willing prisoner, and the rest of the evening I was her bond slave: her partner in all games, her companion in the dance (wherein I excelled the country boys, and gloried in my accomplishment), and, at last, crowning delight of the evening, her escort home.

This was all. The next day I returned to my home in the city, and Mabel Byrne became only a memory; strong at first, fainter as time went on, but sweet always. When I saw other girls I compared them mentally with the picture my imagination painted of Mabel, and they never seemed half so fair and sweet as she.

But then I did not see many other girls. My bashfulness, instead of diminishing, seemed rather to increase upon me as the years went by. I avoided society, and was so much of a recluse from ladies that my mother was quite worried lest I should become a confirmed old bachelor. Perhaps one reason why I retained my diffidence was that my pursuits were among books, and not among people. I had made the science of geology my study, and at twenty-seven found myself in a comfortable position as assistant professor in one of our best colleges, the salary of which, with my own income added, making me so far at ease that I resolved to devote my summer vacation to a tour in Europe.

II.

Equipped with bag and hammer, August found me making a pedestrian tour of Switzerland, with a special view to the study of its glacial system and lithology. I avoided the well-traveled ways, thus escaping the society of all other tourists, and I was therefore utterly amazed when one evening, as I drew near the little house which was my temporary abiding place, a tall form strode toward me out of the darkness and a hearty voice cried out.

"Jim! Jim Hill!"

"What is it?" I replied, with a half-nervous start.

"Ah! I thought it was my old friend. Have you forgotten Tom Byrne?"

Of course not, for I had met him occasionally since we were boys, and I was heartily glad to see my former comrade, always one of the best of companions.

"I saw your name on the book at the inn," he exclaimed; "was sure it must be you. At any rate I thought I would start out to meet you."

"But how came you here?" I inquired, "in this out of the way corner of the world?"

"Because it is out of the way. Mabel and I are making a trip in search of the picturesque. You know she is quite an artist!"

So Mabel was with him. My heart gave a curious thump, and for a moment I could hardly make a sensible reply.

"Yes" he went on; "she is so devoted to her art that it seems to quite absorb her life. She has not thought of marriage, and does not care in the least for the ordinary run of society. She will be glad to see you, though," he added, consolingly, "as you are a man of science."

We walked back together to the little inn, and presently I was shaking hands with a beautiful and stately woman, whose bright, dark eyes flashed with the strange intensity and fire that I had never seen in any other eyes but those of Mabel Byrne.

She greeted me very cordially, and after we three had taken an evening meal together there followed a delightful evening in the little parlor that Tom and his sister had secured.

For once in my life I felt myself quite at ease in a lady's society. In the first place there was Tom to keep me in countenance by a predominance of my own sex in the company, then Mabel did not expect me to talk of airy nothings, that light foam of the social whirlpool which I never yet had been able to skim. She spoke first of my scientific pursuits; she showed so much knowledge of the subject that I really found myself talking with earnestness and enthusiasm of the formation of the country, and especially of the glacial system and the curious marks of its action borne by the specimens I had collected.

She, in her turn, contributed to the evening's interest by telling me of her work, and showing me her sketches, which were really of a very high order of artistic merit. There was no school-girl weakness in her handling of the brush, but a force and poetic thought that had won her already honorable recognition in the world of art.

"And you have never heard of Mabel's paintings until now?" asked Tom.

"No," I confessed. "You know I have been quite absorbed in my special studies."

"Yes, and you have not seen Mabel for ever so long, have you?"

"No," I replied, "not since that summer ten years ago, when I was at my grandmother's."

"Jolly times we had, too," said Tom, reflectively. "Remember that party at Mrs. Edwards'?"

A sudden rush of blood to my face utterly confused me. I stammered a reply, and Tom, to my relief, went on with some rambling reminiscences. It was some seconds before I dared to look at Mabel. Surely she was blushing, too.

The next morning we all went on a trip up the slopes of the mountain. Mabel in short, gray suit, alpine hat and stout boots; Tom carrying her drawing materials. Thus we made this any many another delightful expedition.

Life took on new colors for me. There was a radiance and glory about it that I had never dreamed of before. Every day I found fresh reason for admiring my beautiful companion, and our walks through the deep valleys and up the rough mountain sides were to me like enchanted journeys through a realm of fairies. In this loveliest country in the world, with this most glorious woman by my side, I was, indeed, as one transfigured by the light of the grand passion that took possession of my soul.

At first I knew not what had befallen me. I thought only that my pleasure in Mabel's society sprang from a similarity of tastes and pursuits and the charm of her conversation: but gradually I woke to the overwhelming fact that I loved her with the one great love of my life, that seemed to me now to date from the days of long ago, to have been always with me, and to stretch out into the future to make it transcendently glorious, or a long despair.

And yet as soon as I had learned my own secret, my former bashfulness came back upon me with tenfold intensity, and I found myself often embarrassed in her presence, while at the thought of telling her my heart's story, though my brain was smitten through with dazzling delight at the dream of successful wooing, yet I was so overwhelmed that utterance would, as I was sure, be an impossibility.

And Mabel? Her eyes were very kind to me. They turned to me with a softened luster that thrilled me with hope: and yet if I attempted even a compliment, I blushed, floundered, and was lost.

One evening we were talking of all manner of subjects, grave and gay, and so strayed to marriage, in general, and especially to the matrimonial lot of some of our old friends.

"You remember Boyd, don't you, Hill?" asked Tom.

"Tall, bashful fellow like me," I added.

"Yes," replied Tom, laughing. "He married Miss Cutting, our former school teacher. I always thought she proposed to him."

"Sensible girl!" I exclaimed. "I think it is positively a woman's duty sometimes to help a man out. You remember that book of the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, published some years ago, called 'A Reform against Nature?' In it he denounced the whole woman's rights movement, but maintained that every woman ought to have the right to propose marriage to the man she liked. I think he was scientifically correct."

I spoke with great eagerness, looking always at Tom: but at the last words my glance turned to Mabel: her eyes were fixed on mine, and the look I met there sent the blood to my heart with such a swift, tumultuous rush, that I grew faint with confusion, and presently rushed out of the room and to bed—though not to sleep.

The next day I went out in the afternoon by myself for a scramble through a damp and very rough gorge, where Tom and Mabel did not care to accompany me. I was half glad to be alone, for I was nervous over my audacity of the night before; yet at thought of Mabel's kindly eyes, so overwhelmed with blinding happiness, that I had to look many times at a bit of rock before I could see the striæ that denoted glacial action.

It was late sunset when I reached the inn. The last rosy light was flushing the distant mountain peaks with that marvelous beauty which is one of the wondrous charms of Swiss scenery. I made my way without pause to Mabel's parlor, led there by a force that seemed to draw me by a power beyond my control. The room was quite dusk and she was alone. As I entered she came toward me with a quantity of letters and papers in her hands.

"These came while you were away," she said.

Mechanically I took the papers. Among them there was a large package on which I dimly discerned the word "Due," followed by an illegible stamp.

"You have paid something on this," I said; "how much was it?" and looked up

"Postage not stated," replied Mabel.

Promptly, smilingly, she uttered the words. Then her dark eyes softened and faltered. The papers and letters were scattered over the floor. I had caught her in my arms with all the audacity that had been once before mine in my boyish days.

Only now, as I pressed passionate kisses on her brow and lips, I found voice at last to utter the yearning that was consuming my heart.—*Dio Lewis' Monthly.*

—The first newsboy who ever sold a copy of the New York *Sun* in the streets of New York became famous and rich. He was ten years old, and from Cork. His name was Bernard Flaherty, but he was afterward known as Barney Williams, the comedian.

—Will Carleton has written a poem on a mortgage. It is easier to poem a mortage than to mortgage a poem.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Forty degrees is the best temperature for the potato cellar.—*Chicago Journal.*

A St. Louis Melodrama.

A story comes from St. Louis having all the elements of a thrilling melodrama. A young boarding-school miss wanting her watch repaired went to a small establishment near by. There were two men present, one of whom, apparently the worse for liquor, was resting his head upon the show-case. She handed her watch to the other man standing by, giving directions as to what should be done with it. He, apparently on purpose, let it fall, breaking the crystal; but on his promising to make it good she left it with him and departed.

Subsequently she returned and asked for her watch. The proprietor, who proved to be the man whose head was resting on the show-case, denied having it. The man to whom she handed it had disappeared, and had not returned. The proprietor gave her another watch, which she was to keep until she recovered her own. Dissatisfied with the arrangement, the police were called in. The proprietor of the store insisted that the watch was not in his possession, but had been taken away by the man to whom the young lady handed it. Pressed to explain, he admitted that the missing man was a friend of his, but that he had proved false and treacherous. When the young woman came to his store and found him leaning on the show case he was nearly insensible. In company with his friend he had been drinking a good deal and subsequently he smoked a cigar with him. The cigar was drugged. He became stupefied, and while in this state his friend had not only taken the young lady's watch, but had robbed the money-drawer of its change, the safe of two hundred dollars, and his pockets of their contents. The proprietor awoke next morning from his bed in a room adjoining his shop, and found himself stripped of much of his property, with his friend missing. He has not seen him since. He made, he said, the best reparation in his power by giving the young lady a watch as valuable intrinsically as hers, although as it was a memento of her dead mother, it possessed a value which nothing could replace.

If his explanation is true it is as romantic as a play or a story; if untrue, it does equal justice to an imagination which could invent it so readily.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Base-Ball Umpire.

"Who is that man with the baggy trousers standing behind the catcher?"

"That's the umpire, dear."

"Does he enjoy life?"

"Oh, yes, occasionally."

"When?"

"When he is not umpiring a ball game."

"What are his qualifications?"

"They are supposed to be honesty and ability."

"Do they send out detectives to find such men, or do they select them from Government offices?"

"Neither; umpires obtain their positions through influence."

"What is influence?"

"Influence is the wife of power."

"It is good to have honesty and ability, isn't it?"

"Yes, in the case of a clergyman or bank cashier; but an umpire is too honest to want both, and is content with either one or the other."

"What quality predominates?"

"The other one."

"Why are the spectators hissing the umpire?"

"Because he is trying to be impartial."

"If he were not?"

"He would be abused by both players and spectators."

"Has he no redress?"

"Yes; when a player insults him and calls him a liar and a horse-thief he sometimes fines the player as much as five dollars."

"Why not fifty dollars, or even more?"

"Because he knows when the season closes the player will find him alone some dark night, and punch his head."

"Are the spectators ever impartial critics?"

"Individually, seldom; collectively, never."

"Where do they get their knowledge of base-ball?"

"Mostly from the morning papers."

"What is an 'error' column?"

"The column in a newspaper devoted to base-ball reports."

"Is the umpire a married man?"

"Usually."

"In which city does his wife reside?"

"My child, let us go and cut a watermelon."—*American Sports.*

The Weight of Great Men.

A curious letter is just brought to light by the Bangor (Me.) *Whig and Courier*, in which is recorded the weight of certain revolutionary officers, who were together at West Point a hundred years ago. The letter was written by Joseph May to General David Cobb, of Revolutionary fame, and is as follows:

BOSTON, August 11, 1820.

Hon. David Cobb, Gouldsborough:

My Dear General: Your letter of 28th March, written when confined to your house by indisposition, made me, for a moment, feel unhappy—'twas painful—but I have too much respect for you to indulge weak tears, when I see you passing the allotted limit of human life; and tho' you find some "labor and sorrow"; and tho' "the flocks and the herds afford less pleasure than formerly"—yet you rejoice at the vernal sun—you are cheered by the voice of friendship, and when not exercised by actual pain, your book affords high employment and enjoyment, which the stranger intermeddles not with. We are marching to a better country, my dear General, where, after a well-spent life, we may hope again to associate with the wise and good whom we have known here—where and how it is to be I am not anxious to know; certain of this, it will be the fittest and best that infinite wisdom and infinite goodness can provide.

Our friend Hayes has lately visited us. He spoke of you repeatedly as of a man whom he loved and respected. Looking together over some papers in General Jackson's pocket-book we found a curious paper, of which I give you a copy;

Weighed at the scales at Westpoint, 19 August, 1783:

General Washington—209 pounds.
General Lincoln—224 pounds.
General Knox—280 pounds.
General Huntington—132 pounds.
General Greaton—166 pounds.
Colonel Swift—219 pounds.
Colonel M. Jackson—252 pounds.
Colonel H. Jackson—230 pounds.
Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington—232 pounds.
Lieutenant-Colonel Cobb—186 pounds.
Lieutenant-Colonel Humphries—221 pounds.

I send you a couple of pamphlets which may amuse you.

Yours affectionately, dear General,
J. MAY.

His Scheme for Peace.

A rather slim chap, with rippling canary hair, stepped into a fashionable establishment where arms are sold, and called unto the clerk:

"Have you any self-cocking seven-shooters?"

"Yes," replied the clerk; "would you like to look at them?"

"I would."

In about two minutes the counter was covered with revolvers, and the man with canary hair examined them and said:

"Give me six."

The clerk seemed astonished, but tied up the pistols; at which moment the customer commenced to fan himself with his helmet, and remarked:

"Got any shot-guns?"

"Yes. What kind do you prefer—plain or laminated steel?"

"Doesn't make any difference. Give me about two of each kind."

The clerk thought he had struck a lunatic; but he didn't care whether he took the cash of a sane man or a lunatic. So he tied the guns up, and was about to announce the amount of the bill, when the young man inquired:

"Do you keep cannons?"

"We have some nice brass cannons that carry a twenty-pound solid ball," replied the clerk.

"Are they mounted on wheels?"

"They are."

"Then give me three."

The clerk was considerably amazed, but took the order for the cannons down on paper, and said:

"Now, is there anything else you would like to see?"

"Yes; I would like very much to see some daggers."

"We have a fine stock of daggers," replied the clerk, as he placed several specimens on the counter. "Here is one with a solid silver handle which comes a little higher than the others."

"I will take six of the silver-handled ones. Now let me look at a few swords."

"What kind do you want? We have a number of different styles."

"What kind, for instance?" asked the canary-haired youth.

"Well, we have the cavalry saber—"

"Give me two."

"And we have the cutlass."

"The kind used by pirates?" asked the long, slender youth, with a smile that betrayed his anxiety.

"Yes, the very kind."

"I will take six of them."

"Now we have some Turkish cimetars."

"I want four of them. I also want two claymores, just like the one in the window."

The clerk took down his order, and began to fancy how much his employer would think of him for selling such a big bill, when the customer said:

"I want half a dozen Springfield rifles, with bayonets on them."

"I will take your order and fill it to-morrow. Is there anything else?"

"Yes; I want some harpoons and spears."

"Those we have not in stock," said the clerk; "but we can get them and deliver them with the shot-guns."

"Now I want some hand-grenades and dynamite."

"We don't keep them."

"Don't keep them?" replied the customer, in surprise; "don't keep them?"

"No."

"Well, then, send all those things up to my hotel, C. O. D."

The man presented his card to the clerk, who thanked him for purchasing such a nice big bill, and said:

"I hope to see you when you play in New York."

"I play in New York? I don't play."

"Beg your pardon," said the clerk, apologetically; "I thought you were the manager and star of a sensational dramatic company, playing a Far West blood-curdling piece, and that you came for properties—"

"Oh, no," laughed the man with yellow hair; "I am simply going down to Texas to start a paper. There are certain journalistic amenities down there that I desire to observe to the letter. I don't wish to be mistaken for an amateur."—*Puck.*

A Death-Roll of Eight Months.

The astrologists who selected 1883 as a good year for earthquakes, pestilence and accidents seem to have made a hit. During the eight months of the year considerably more than 143,000 lives have been lost in notable disasters, in that taking into account the yellow fever in the South. By simply following the big news of the press dispatches the following table of people killed is made up: Loss of the Cimbria, 434; Milwaukee hotel fire, 80; Poland circus fire, 268; Australian mine flooded, 72; Tehichipa (Cal.) railroad accident, 21; flatboat disaster, North Carolina, 18; loss of City of Brussels, 10; Mine explosion, Illinois, 10; New York school panic, 16; Braidwood mine disaster, 77; February floods, 56; drowned at Drownsville, Minn., 11; April tornadoes, 200; fall of a Texas hotel, 14. Brooklyn Bridge panic, 14; May tornadoes, 118; Sunderland (Eng.) school panic, 202; June floods, 58; Baltimore pier disaster, 72; Carlyon (N. Y.) railroad accident, 17; July London (Ont.) floods, 17; Ischia earthquake, 4,500; English fishing fleets, 373; German floods, 140; Mt. Ararat avalanche, 150; powder explosions in Europe, 230; two mine explosions in Europe, 162; Bombay factory panic, etc., 104; Rochester (Minn.) tornado, 16; Lake Chiem palace accident, 22; Cornwall mine accident, 12; collision off Eddystone Lighthouse, 18; Great Banks fishermen lost, 60; Java earthquake, 100,000; India cholera, 15,000; Egyptian cholera, 21,000; Italian steamer Ansonia, 20; steamer Kenmare Castle, 32; steamer Gypsy, 18; steamer Navarre, 46; ship Dunshoffrage, of Rome explosion, 40; Besseges (France) explosion, 21; steamer Grappler, 70; burning Lake Como theater, 47; steamer Daphne on Clyde, 150.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

—The number of country girls anxious to learn dress-making from a sharper, who gathers in sixteen dollars a head and then decamps, is almost equal to the number of girls who light fires with kerosene.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—George Alfred Townsend has written a novel, "The Entailed Hat," which the Harpers have accepted.

—Spurgeon, the famous London minister, has but two children—twin sons—and they are both Baptist clergymen.

—Bartholomew Tarney, of Bath, Steuben County, New York, signalized his one hundredth birthday the other day by walking three miles.

—Miss Maud Banks, daughter of General N. P. Banks, goes on the platform this season as an elocutionist. She has been studying in Europe.

—Mr. W. D. Howells, the novelist, is forty-six years old. He loves quiet and home and shuns society and field sports. His revised and interlined proofs are a terror to the printers.—*N. Y. News.*

—Mr. Walker, the colored lawyer appointed by Governor Butler to the bench of the Charlestown City Court, is a Roman Catholic, belongs to the choir of St. Vincent Church, and has a white wife.—*Boston Post.*

—Dr. Mary Walker must find some compensation for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in the $2,000 left her by the will of an eccentric Massachusetts man who died the other day.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—It is reported that throughout one of his books John Morley insisted upon printing the name of the Deity without a capital, whereupon one of his reviewers published his critique with frequent mention of the author as "mr. john morley"

—Justice Gray, of the United States Supreme Court, has ridden over three hundred miles on horseback on consecutive days this summer without fatigue. As the Judge weighs three hundred pounds, his horse has not come out so well.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Julius Nathan, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, has had his name changed to Julius Newton. He has done this because, as stated, many people abroad wanted to know if he was in any way related to the Nathan family, that was made unfortunately conspicuous by the death of the late Benjamin Nathan.—*N. Y. Times.*

HUMOROUS.

—In Burdette phraseology: "What has went" with all the cooking clubs?

—"Why are you so distant?" said a tramp to a beefsteak in the restaurant window."—*Chicago Herald.*

—If brevity is the soul of wit, there is a good deal of fun in a dude's coat-tail.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

—It has been suggested that a fitting epitah for Captain Webb would be: "He was not a favorite in the pools."—*Merchant Traveller.*

—"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?" "Why, you see, my grandmother's date, and I'm writing a lond letther to her."—*Detroit Post.*

—Miss Kate Field believes in hot water as a cure for dyspepsia. Well, yes. You let a man get into hot water and he'll forget all about dyspepsia.—*Boston Post.*

—What is that—is it a circus acrobat? Oh, no, my son, that is a man who is kicking himself. What makes the man kick himself? He has been to a masquerade party and flirted with his wife all the evening.—*Toronto Grip.*

—An attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as possible." "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Come here, Matilda, and keep these quinces from burning while I go and make up the beds," said an indulgent mother who had been stirring the boiling fruit for some minutes while her daughter stood idly considering the lily and the sunflower in the front yard. "No, mother, I shan't stir," replied the languid maiden, who had recently been reading over some second-hand puns in an ancient almanac.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

—The Professor, from his official chair—"We who ourselves dedicate to a noble career find necessary to the complete fulfillment of our mission a large development of the body as well as a powerful unfolding of the intellect. Our duties are laborous and painful. We must accustom ourselves to perform them without helps extraneous or artificial. The good engineer, like the skillful mariner, must be able to shave himself in the dark without a looking-glass." A pupil—"But, if in the dark, how might a looking-glass aid him?" The Professor—"Silence the mouth, sir. You come here to learn."—*City of Mexico Monitor.*

A Nautical Curiosity.

John Crankshaw, Jr., an ingenious young man of Frankford, has constructed a curious little canoe with heavy muslin and barrel hoops. The craft is fourteen feet long and twenty inches wide in the center. The stem and stern posts are sawed out of pine knee knots, and the lateral slips over which the ribs are fastened are also of pine. The rest of the little boat is constructed entirely of muslin and ordinary flour barrel hoops, the latter being one-quarter of an inch apart and fastened to the lateral slips, which extend from stem to stern. Over this skeleton the muslin, having been thoroughly soaked in oil, is stretched. Two water tight compartments are made fore and aft, by stretching the oil soaked muslin entirely over the canoe, thus making a deck which can not be penetrated by the water. The paddler's place contains a small seat, and space enough to clear the occupant's legs and feet. A light board floor keeps the latter from knocking holes in the craft's muslin bottom. When the canoe had been completed, but not painted, it weighed only sixteen pounds, but has since been given several heavy coats of white lead, and now weighs thirty-eight pounds. It has been successfully put to a test, and its owner, with his double-bladed paddle, uses it almost every day on the river.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—A telegraph operator need not be a college graduate, but must have a "sound" education.—*Norristown Herald.*